

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE.

It is respectfully requested that Subscribers will pay their subscriptions up to September. Orders to be made payable to WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, Post-office, Charing Cross.

ASPULL v. FLOWERS.

No further letters on this personal controversy can be inserted, except as advertisements.

VIVIER.

THE concert given by Jenny Lind for the famous cornist was to come off on Tuesday the 6th, at Baden-Baden, instead of Wiesbaden. The sagacious "nightingale" rightly conjectured that Baden-Baden, being the largest and most populous resort, the concert would be likely to prove more advantageous to her *protégé*. By a communication received from a correspondent, who further promises us an account of the concert, it appears that all the tickets were sold on the day the programme was published, and that Vivier, having nothing else to do, has filled up his leisure time by blowing soap-bubbles from the windows of his bed-room, much to the gratification of the Baden-Badenites, who thronged the precincts of the hotel to such an extent that it was almost impossible to go in or out without getting inconveniently squeezed.

Friday Night.—Since writing the above, we have received the following from our correspondent:—"I have just time to write you a few lines. The concert of Vivier came off last night (Tuesday). Every ticket had been sold, at the prices of ten and twenty francs. The room (the largest in the place) was crammed full. The receipts exceeded 15,000 francs. Jenny Lind came directly, from Schlangenbad, upwards of 100 miles, expressly to sing for Vivier. Among the audience was all the aristocracy of this fashionable town, including, among other distinguished personages, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Dowager Grand Duchess Stephanie, the Duke of Nassau, the son of the Prince of Prussia, the Prince of Furstenberg, Count Nesselrode, Viscount Sidney, and hundreds of the most fascinating beauties of the *voisinage*.

"I have only time to add that Vivier never played so wonderfully, and never produced so great an effect; and that Jenny Lind, who is in better voice and in better health and spirits than she has been for a long time, sang most magnificently. Her reception beggars all description. Even Jenny Lind, to whom enthusiasm is a matter of course wherever she goes, was almost overcome by it. The concert was under the admirable direction of Benedict, who came from Stuttgart for the purpose, and is, as you know, going with Jenny Lind to Liverpool, and thence to America, almost immediately. Vivier, Benedict, and Jenny Lind have already left for England. I am bound at present for Berlin. If I have time I will send you a detailed

account of the concert for your next number. At all events I will give you some notice of the Rachel performances in the Prussian capital. Till then, adieu—in great haste.—Yours,

T. E. B.

MADAME FIORENTINI.

THIS celebrated young *prima donna*, who is to make her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday next, was born at Seville. She made her first appearance on any stage at Berlin, on the 27th of October, 1849, as Norma, with the most triumphant success; and, during a season of six months, performed Donna Anna, in *Don Giovanni*; Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*; Amina, in *Sonnambula*; Alice, in *Roberto il Diavolo*; Carolina, in *Matrimonio Segreto*; Desdemona, in *Otello*; Ninetta, in *La Gazza Ladra*; Lucrezia, in *Lucrezia Borgia*; Leonora, in *La Favorita*; and other characters of a tragic cast; in all of which difficult *rôles* she performed with so much artistic excellence that the German journals and the German public were loud in her praises. After the Berlin season, Madame Fiorentini went with the Italian company to Dresden for one month, and subsequently to Hamburg, where she was equally successful. When the Italian company of Berlin left Hamburg, she performed with the German company in Italian, at the request of the public at Hamburg. A month after Madame Fiorentini appeared at Berlin the King of Prussia commanded her to go to Potsdam, and perform in *Norma*. Madame Fiorentini's voice is a high *soprano*, of a lovely, fresh, and powerful quality, and was compared in Germany to that of Madame Mulder, who was acknowledged to have possessed the most beautiful voice ever heard in that country.

Madame Fiorentini is very young; has a handsome, expressive face, and graceful figure; and was called at Berlin "La Stella di Seviglia."

SIGNOR ONORATO-LEONARDI-PAGLIERI.

ALTHOUGH, we must confess, somewhat tired of this matter—in which, by the way, we are not by any means concerned, never having ventured an opinion about "the vexed *tegor*," *pour ou contre*—we cannot refuse insertion to the following communication, which, however, shall be the last. Any other letters or paragraphs on the subject must henceforth be paid for as advertisements:—

SIGNORE,—L' altro giorno il Signor Leonardi lesse nel vostro giornale il *Musical World*, che si parlava ancora contro di lui e ingiustamente, v' accerto che andò in tutte le furie, giurando di partire all' istante lasciando tutti per venire a rompervi la testa, ma a forza di preghiere di tutti lo abbiammo impedito di partire, cosicché, vi prevoi per vostra buona regola di finirlo a parlare contro d' un' artista come il Signor Leonardi, il quale per tutte le ragioni a un merito reale, egli a tutte le qualità d' un grande artista, e voi avete gran torto parlarne male

giundi, per vostra buona norma vi ho avvertito onde riparare, ad un forte danno-sappiate, che con questo giovane non ce troppo da scherzare —non credete che le leggi d'Inghilterra gli facessero paura—anzi ride e dice che vuol dare un esempio. Vi ho scritto io potiate riparare a tutti i disordini che potrebbero accadere. Vi mando gli articoli di due giornali per forvi vedere, quand'è assino quel vostro corrispondente di Plymouth, che, quai a lui quando il Leonardi andere la quello son certo che, povero lui, la passerà ben male, ve lo prevengo pel vostro e suo bene, siete ancora a tempo di ripiegare a tutto. Io conosco assai bene questo giovane; egli è molto educato e di nobile famiglia, ma quai a colui che lo insulta ingiustamente come avete fatte voi due. Infine io ve lo avverto pel bene di tutti, ma non è questa la maniera di progiudicare un artista di merito. Salutandovi distintamente mi risegno.

J. D. S.,

P.S.—Vi fò noto che quando e andato in scena si era molto disturbato la mattina con il giornale a pure a attenuto un successo strepitoso; perchè non solo canta assai bene ma a una voce di tenor serio assai potente; più è anche in disgiuste col Montelli il quale lo fa sempre cantare; siccome ando in scena la Lucia col tenor Ferrari, il quale e assai infelice come potrò verificare dalla Signora Normani (la quale, abita Bath Hotel, Piccadilly), che è ritornata a Londra, a degnò fa cantare sempre il Leonardi, e anche le opere non adatto al suo genere di voce come *Il Barbiere*, ma quando riceverò il vostro giornale vedro cosa dite di lui e vi darò altri dettagli.

Birmingham, 5 Agosto, 1850.

The writer of the above letter adds his name in full. Never having offended Signor Leonardi we are not at all afraid of the menaces of his advocate on his behalf. We subjoin the two notices from the provincial journals, the names of which our correspondent has neglected to specify:—

ITALIAN OPERA.—On Wednesday evening Bellini's beautiful opera, *La Sonnambula*, was presented to Birmingham audience by a portion of the Italian company, who recently appeared on the boards of this theatre, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*. The Signora Normani, the prima donna, sustained the arduous character of Amina with a power and efficiency which was indicative of noble genius, pure taste, high talent, and deep feeling. There was a truth, a fullness of nature, and a depth of womanliness in the performance, which, independently of the vocal powers of the lady, evinced the finest conception of the character, and an histrionic capability of the rarest order. We have before given an opinion of this lady's vocalisation. She has a voice of immense power, great sweetness, and wonderful flexibility; and exquisitely did she render the thrilling music of this interesting opera on Wednesday evening. It will be long before we see anything in Birmingham equal to the chamber scene, which was sustained with a pathos and a power perfectly overwhelming; and never shall we forget the manner in which the latter part of the concluding act was rendered, the very *vis poetica* seemed to breathe in the form, and tremble in the voice of the fair executant. The applause—for, unhappily so small an audience—was tremendous, and exhibited the pure taste and high enjoyment of the party assembled. The Elvino of Signor Leonardi was a fine piece of acting, but by no means equal in its entirety. Occasionally there were bursts of living poetry, which stamps this gentleman as no mean performer. He has an excellent tenor voice, of great volume, considerable capability of inflexion, and good, though not extreme compass. His falsetto is neither clear, sweet, nor musical, but this might have arisen from hoarseness and cold, and not have been a normal defect. Rodolfo was well personated by Signor Montelli, whose fine baritone voice was heard to considerable advantage; albeit we prefer his Figaro in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, the comic being evidently his forte. The remaining characters were well sustained, and the whole affair passed off with the greatest *éclat*. The "Ah non giunge" of Signora Normani was enthusiastically encored, and both she and Signor Leonardi received the honour of a call before the curtain, after the second act of the opera.

Wednesday.—A company of Italian singers—or, rather, of singers of *Ballas*, for, too evidently, they were not all natives of *la bella patria*, though the terminal *is* to nearly all their names would lead people to infer it—made their appearance here for, we believe, the second time on Wednesday. The opera selected for performance was the *Sonnambula*; and, it must be confessed, that in individual parts, it had considerable justice done it. Signora Normani, the Amina, has a good voice well cultivated. To this she adds a graceful figure and a pleasing face, quite at her command in the expression of the most varied emotions. Her impersonation of the arduous character she had undertaken was throughout highly effective, and left a favourable impression of her powers on a rather discriminating audience. The tenor, Signor Leonardi,

has a flexible chest voice of considerable range and power, but veiled to huskiness, either by a natural or accidental hoarseness. In passages requiring intense feeling this singer was very effective, and contributed much to the success of the opera. The Rodolfo was barely passable, and the other vocalists, chorus and all, fell below criticism. We regretted to find the house rather thinly attended; for lovers of music would find much to gratify them in these representations, which have the singular merit of not exhausting the patience of the audience—the performance commencing at eight and terminating at half-past ten.

It is to be hoped that the unnamed gentleman who played Rodolfo, with "the other vocalists, chorus and all," will not, in their turn, call us to account for the strictures of the Birmingham paper. We should be in a sad plight with so many assailants. To conclude, we add the following letter which reached our office simultaneously with that of J. D. S.:

SIGNOR LEONARDI; alias, PAGLIERI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Being an ardent lover of music, I watch with considerable interest the indications which your columns afford of the success or failure of any new aspirant to the no less onerous than honourable post of "first tenor." I heard Signor Leonardi some time ago at a London concert, and I was so much pleased with his voice, that when I lately learned that he had joined an operatic company in the provinces, I fully expected to see my opinion of his merits confirmed by your notice of his success. But your correspondents so puzzled me by the tone of their remarks that I could only account for their treatment of Signor Leonardi by supposing that for some reason, good or bad, they had a personal dislike towards him; and so I went to Birmingham to judge for myself. Signor Montelli does not appear to me to be qualified to take the direction of what your Plymouth correspondent calls a *troupe ambulante*. I ascertained from some of the chorus at Birmingham, that they had only one book to learn their parts from, and little more than one day for preparation. The rehearsals, too, appear, to be carried on almost up to the hour for the evening performance, and so the artists are tired before the opera begins. But in spite of this, the *Sonnambula* went off very well, and both Signor Normani and Signor Leonardi were loudly and deservedly applauded. In the bed-room scene especially they did full justice to the beautiful music in which Bellini has expressed the agony endured by the young maiden and her lover. I am anxious to see whether your Birmingham correspondent will notice this opera, or whether he will take the cue from your Plymouth and Manchester correspondents, and choose some evening when, owing to fatigue or some *contretemps*, he would have some excuse for decrying Signor Leonardi. *Il Barbiere* was announced for the following evening, and as the newspapers and bills had stated that there would be an interval of a day between the operas, and the company and chorus were to sing all day to get ready for the unexpected performance, it is probable that there was a favourable opportunity for punishing the unfortunate tenor, especially as he never sang the part of Count Almaviva before, and ought, indeed, to confine himself to *serious* operas. I have only to say, in conclusion, that I believe that Signor Leonardi's merits will, ere long, be more fully appreciated, and I am sure that if you, sir, were to hear him, you would say that he ought to be rather encouraged than crushed.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AN AMATEUR.

We are not disposed to the "crushing" system, even had we the power to exert it. Not having heard Sig. Leonardi, we have no opinion about him. When we have the opportunity of hearing him we shall speak the truth to the best of our ability—and that without prejudice to the terrible threats of J. D. S. In the meantime, let us assure both the Signor and his pugnacious friend, that we would much rather on all occasions be able to praise than to censure. But, were praise indiscriminate, the press would be a nonentity.

SIGNOR ALARY has gone to Paris to compose an opera for the *Theatre Italien*, for which purpose he has been engaged by Signor Ronconi.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ITS PROFESSOR OF PAINTING.

"As you have not been taught to flatter us, do not learn to flatter yourselves."—**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.**

(*To the Editor of the Musical World.*)

SIR.—The following extract from the letter of an artist educated in the Royal Academy appears to me satisfactorily to account for the utter worthlessness of academic instruction, and its pernicious influence upon the fine arts. The writer says:—

"I can from experience state that the schools of the Royal Academy, during the whole period of my term there, from 1823 to 1833, afforded no real instruction to the pupils. I look back with dismay to the time I spent there; for I never heard a single principle of art explained by any of the body entitled Royal Academicians in any of the schools, the Antique, the Life, or the School of Painting. Nor does it appear to be much improved at the present time; for when lately conversing with the attendant professor in the School of Painting, that gentleman ridiculed the application of *principles* to the guidance of the pupil in his pursuit of art."

This disregard of all general rules, this no-principle principle is the reason why the royal academic schools of art have proved a signal failure. Hence the constant succession of monthly visitors, the landscape painter inculcating on the student attention to colour only, the painter of history dwelling chiefly on the importance of outline, one visitor refusing to sanction the use of white lead, while another is all for lead. Hence also the regulations which prevent the student in the Antique from studying in the Life School until he have made a drawing in the former approved by the Council; whereas, without an accurate knowledge of the living form, how can the student learn to distinguish the different substances which he has to imitate—bone, muscle, flesh? He should, moreover, make the knife go with the pencil, and study anatomy, if he can, in frequent dissections; for no young artist without this knowledge is capable of comprehending the peculiar beauty of the antique models, nor of appreciating the character of the antique, which consists in a particular classification of the parts of the body, and in a perfect comprehension of the essential as distinguished from the accidental forms of nature. The Academic student seldom or never returns to the Antique after once entering the Life School—not having, in the first instance, learned to appreciate the works of art which were there presented to him for study; and thus, after eighty years' trial of the Academic system, we find ourselves in a worse position than before.

The lecture delivered by the present Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, on the late W. Etty, R.A., as reported in the *Athenaeum* of the 30th March, singularly illustrates the Royal Academic no-principle principle. It appears, from the prefatory observations to the lecture, that, on the last anniversary of the Academy, the students heard from the lips of the Keeper, who is neither "an able painter of history" nor "sculptor," "a just eulogy" on Mr. Etty. He exhorted them to imitate "the unwearied perseverance" which so much contributed to his success, rather than "attempt to copy that facility of hand which he only attained after years of patient labour," and which must and can only be attained by patient labour. Facility of hand cannot be "copied," though it may be acquired.

We are told by the Professor of Painting, that, in 1821, William Etty, at the age of thirty-four, in the full development of his faculties, after his pictures had been rejected "year after year," both at the Royal Academy and at the British Gallery—after having exhibited several pictures to no purpose for nine successive years, the "Coral Finders" the year before—"one

morning, nearly thirty years ago, 'awoke famous'"—which means that the Royal Academicians were at last awakened. Our professor quotes an *Eclectic* reviewer as an authority in support of his opinion that Mr. Etty's pictures are "great in deed or manner," and then he has a fling at the "paintful trifling" of Van Huysum—a first-rate painter in his particular line—a workman who was perfect master of his tools; and again the reviewer is brought to the rescue, to prove that Mr. Etty "must rank hereafter among the greatest colourists the world has yet seen, often rivalling Rubens and the great Venetians on their own ground; and, moreover, having developed power peculiar to himself." That is to say, Mr. Etty is "as great a colourist as Titian and Rubens, 'with power peculiar to himself,'" regardless of the fact that there is a wide difference between the colouring of Titian and Rubens, Titian painting in broad, unbroken masses of colour, while Rubens breaks up his colours with white. His colouring, called tinted, as Reynolds observes, "is totally different from that of Titian, Correggio, or any of the great colourists." As a fitting climax to this kind of criticism, the professor asserts that "it is a proud thing for English art to be able to say this, which cannot be said of any painter out of England since the death of Watteau," the clever "*genre Versailles*" painter. That is to say, that Mr. Etty is as great a colourist, nay, a greater, than Titian and Rubens, and that this cannot be said of any painter out of England (that is, it can be said of English painters?) except Watteau; therefore, Watteau is also as great, nay, a greater colourist than Titian and Rubens. Reynolds, who classes Watteau with Borgognone and other inferior artists, says these painters have the same right, in different degrees, to the name of painter, which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals, has to a poet.

The professor is of opinion that West pursued high art (small art?) "on a large scale, with fame and profit"—i.e., with Court patronage and £1500 a year—and that Barry's "art," though profitless, attracted "quite as much attention as it deserved." What! Barry, the friend of Edmund Burke, who ranks, and "must hereafter rank" with our most distinguished British artists—whose lectures are now given as prizes to the students of the Academy, yet who found great difficulty in obtaining even £50 from the Society of Arts in the Adelphi to pay for the necessary models—he was then *gratuitously* decorating the great room of that society)—and who died the object of a public subscription, of which he never lived to receive a farthing. The works of Barry received as much attention as they deserved! Truly, that is an Academic kick at the dead lion—at the earnest, heroic Barry, expelled from the Royal Academy for not having graduated in the school of genuine flunkeyism. We are then told that the works of Stothart "are of the highest order;" and that "in time" John Constable will take his place among "the greatest of landscape painters"—the professor prudently sticking to the prophetic vein. We then encounter some curious contradictions. The professor says that he has "no other recollection of the first pictures he (Etty) exhibited, than as black colourless attempts at ideal subjects;" but he afterwards discovers that "in Etty, after his powers were fully developed, we scarcely observe any change, certainly no change of principle; for from the first, he was right." Therefore, the Academy was *wrong* in ever rejecting his pictures. Again, "I scarcely remember a female face by Etty in which the expression is impure." Contradiction: "It cannot be doubted that the voluptuous treatment of his subjects, in very many instances, recommended them more powerfully than their admirable art." The critic who classes Titian, Rubens, and Watteau in the same category,

naturally "thinks it not profane to speak of Etty and Correggio together," and then again favours us with a "Ruskinian" quotation from the *Eclectic*. "Drawing and colouring cannot in fact be given in equal proportions of perfection in art, because not actually so occurring in nature herself." If this were true in nature, which I deny, unless an artist possessed the power of combining and abstracting he would produce only uninteresting trifles; and without an accurate knowledge of forms, the power of combination and abstraction would be useless.

It appears that Mr. Etty painted in the house of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and that "the contemplation and copying the works of that eminent man," (who first introduced that free use of white lead since carried to its utmost perfection in the Academy, where the exhibitors seem to outvie one another in crudity) "could not but in some degree affect his style; and indeed, the art of Lawrence had so much fascination in it as to maintain a widely-spread influence over the rising talent of the day, and gradually to undermine till it almost superseded the taste imparted by Reynolds and Gainsborough to English portraiture." This is precisely what I have all along maintained, that the Royal Academicians—Lawrence at their head—have systematically, and, alas! too successfully, lowered the public taste to the level of their own capacity. The lecturer himself is compelled to acknowledge that "the school of the great portrait painter was certainly not one of colour;" and he states that "Mr. Etty's first impressions of harmony were derived from Fuseli!"

"With respect to Mr. Etty's fame as a colourist, so far from believing that "hereafter" his works will rise in the market, (the modern test of merit), I am convinced that they are already too highly estimated. The Academicians who neglected him when unpatronised would now, to forward their own views, exalt him as the successful rival of the unrivalled Venetian colourists; but they will only succeed in proving to the world that, both in their public conduct as an "unincorporated" body, as well as in their public capacity as lecturers upon art, they are guided by no sure principle whatever, unless indeed it be the no-principle principle.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

of Kemp Town.

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Bishop arrived in this city from her grand tour on the 24th of last month.—Some original fellow in San Francisco offered Henri Herz, previous to his departure on his musical tour through Mexico, two thousand dollars per month, to stop at Francisco and play in one of the gambling-houses of that place.—The Havana Opera Company terminated their engagement at the Castle Garden on the 25th ult. It was expected that the house would have proved too large for the powers of the artists. All doubts were triumphantly dissipated at the first performance. The Opera Company were never heard to greater advantage. Marini, Salvi, and Steffanoni were the great guns. The next destination of this company is Boston.

REVIEW.

"Grand March of the Protectionists." JAMES DUCE, of Colchester

WESSEL and Co.

A BRIEF introduction leads to a dashing march movement in C major, with a *trio* in F, that from its flowing character contrasts very well with the preceding. This march is brilliant without being difficult, and will suit pianists of ordinary strength. It is appropriately dedicated to Lord John Manners, M.P., a great patron of the Colchester musicians.

CARLOTTA CRISI'S ARIEL.

(From the *Sunday Times*.)

THE close of the final engagement of Carlotta Grisi has compelled the management to announce the last night of the *Tempesta* (Saturday the 3rd inst.), which, as at present arranged, will not be repeated this season.

The volatile Ariel is as graceful as ever; and the spectacle, as a whole, is once to see and not to forget. As for Carlotta, she is unsurpassable. Whether dancing joyously by the sea-waves—we cannot conceive them "sad" while she is near—whether flickering over the ruinous vessel or luring the bewildered prince into the domains of enchantment, Carlotta is ever the informing presence of the scene. She infuses into her acting—for acting of the best sort it is—an air of real appreciation of her position in the drama, of exultation in her preternatural power over element and spirit, which dispels all the idea of a mere dancer's personation of the poetic character, and invests it with an art-significance of a notable kind. There could be no difficulty in filling this part by one of the clever pantomimists with whom our stage is rich; but where would a manager look for the commingled grace and poetry which Carlotta Grisi throws into the personation?—qualifications which no teacher can impart, but which (pace Mr. Locke) must be of the nature of innate ideas; and therefore, when Mr. Lumley remarks in his *affiches* that, in consequence of the termination of Carlotta's engagement, *La Tempesta* cannot again be performed, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that such is the necessity of the case.

CARLOTTA CRISI'S GISELLE.

(From the *Times*.)

Mrs. CARLOTTA CRISI's benefit, which took place last Thursday night, was distinguished by a revival of the second act of *Giselle*—a most delightful ballet, which derives a peculiar charm from the talent and exquisite feeling of the imitable *danseuse*. There is no artist in her profession who equals Carlotta in that intelligence of which she makes her finished movements the graceful expression. She seizes at once on the significance of a character, penetrates into all its complicated sentiments, and reproduces them to perfection. The awaking of Giselle from her grave, the half-mournful gaiety which belongs to her nature as a "Wili," the fondness for her lover, with, perhaps, a little tinge of mischief gathered from an affinity with the fairy tribe, are as profoundly conceived as they are beautifully executed.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

THE performances of last night were for the benefit of Carlotta Grisi. The fascinating beneficiaire did not dance so much as might have been expected, but the revival of the second act of the *Giselle*, a ballet of all others the most delicate and fanciful, was well chosen to display that peculiar intelligence and ideality belonging so exclusively to her. This accomplished *danseuse* has, we apprehend, done more to elevate the character of the saltatory art than any other; and her portrayal of the shadowy *Giselle* is one of the most striking examples of Terpsichorean ability, in its poetical greatness, that the age has produced.

CARLOTTA CRISI'S BENEFIT.

(From the *Sun*.)

THE enchanting Carlotta Grisi took her benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre last evening, and appeared on that occasion in two of her most fascinating characters, *Giselle* and *Esmeralda*. The last act of *Giselle* was alone represented,

in which Carlotta appears as a "Witch," and so exquisitely did she dance, so beautiful and expressive was her pantomime, that we could not but regret that the ballet had not been given entire. Her Esmeralda also was merely a fragment, but a delightful fragment. She danced the renowned "Truandaise" with M. Charles, if possible, with more exquisite *finesse* and irresistible *espèglierie* than ever.

THE TWO ITALIAN OPERAS.

Now that the Royal Italian Opera has all-but accomplished its fourth season, the following lengthy article, which appeared in the columns of a contemporary on the 4th of October, 1846, will not be perused without interest. We reproduce it as a curiosity, and as such it amply merits preservation. In after times it may be referred to as a singular example of mistaken calculation and prophecy unfulfilled.

"The project of a new Italian Opera House, or rather the conversion of Covent Garden Theatre into an Opera House, has engaged the attention of all who have at once the interest of the drama and of music at heart. We are free-traders to the utmost extent, but in free-trade there should be reciprocity. We have a complete foreign company at the Queen's Theatre, another at the St. James's, a third, with very few exceptions, at Drury Lane. Our concerts are overrun with German and Italian *artistes*. Does France, Prussia, or Germany *permit* one English theatre? No. We are not for the exclusion of any man for his colour or his country. Genius has the world for its home—it is cosmopolitan in its nature—but public performance must be controlled by political necessities or conventions, and when we remember English *women* pealed on a Parisian stage—English *actors* denied the use of a theatre in Germany—we are compelled to question the right of the proprietors of Covent Garden to open their house for foreigners, to the total exclusion of the English drama and the English artist.

"To examine this question in all its bearings, it will be necessary to run briefly through the history of the Italian Opera, or rather the history of the interlopers of foreigners in the English market.

"The desire of the wealthier classes to draw a line of demarcation between themselves and the people—the wish of patrician porcelain to avoid collision with plebeian *delph*—has been the peculiarity of the rich vulgar and the titled ignorant for centuries. Christianity—*professed* Christianity—has never succeeded in teaching the people with handles to their names the truth of the natural equality of man. Exclusiveness induced the titled ones to long for a theatre to themselves, conducted in a language which, though they did not perfectly understand, they yet had a smattering of, and the Italian Opera exactly answered this purpose.

"Music, the universal language, will make its way, and the middle and many of the poorer classes are as good, if not better, judges of art as their aristocratic neighbours. The masses, however, desire to have the finest music married to English verse. As to the outcry that English can not be adapted to airs already composed, we turn to Moore's melodies—some, such as "How dear to me the hour," and "By the hope within us springing," of most intricate construction—to the efforts of Logan, Soane, Planché, and others in this department of constructive poetical adaptation; it can be done, it has been done. Leave, then, to the aristocrats, who, by the aid of Baretti and the lovely traductions of the *operas*, make out Italian, *their* Opera House, but let the masses, if they must have *operas*, have them executed in our native tongue by native *artists*.

"We agree with all the world in saying that our Italian Opera is as perfect as any establishment of that kind in Europe. Can we obtain two such companies? If we could, do we require them? Is not the present management the first that ever *regularly* paid proprietors, performers, and lessee? and is it not regarded almost a miracle that with such enormous expenses that could be effected? To answer this question fairly, let us take a glance at

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.

"A stately theatre in the Haymarket was built by Sir John Van-

brugh, 'to enable the veteran *actors* to regain their lost ground in public estimation.' It was called the Queen's Theatre, and opened on the 9th April, 1705, with a *translated* opera, styled 'The Triumph of Love.' The opera failed, and *Love for Love* was substituted. The *Confederacy* and other comedies were afterwards played.

"A great room in York-buildings, Strand, was opened for the purpose of grafting Italian music upon English words. Valentini was the first that gave the words in their native garb. He sang his part, Turnus, in *Camilla*, entirely in his own language, whilst every other part in the piece was sung or recited in English.

"Colley Cibber says, 'The Italian opera began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise, and as unlike itself, as possible.' Nicolini and Valentini were the opera attractions, but with them were our best English actors—Betterton, Cibber, Doggett, Wilkes, Mrs. Oldfield, &c. After this Handel had the musical conduct of the theatre, at which tragedy, comedy, and opera were variously presented.

"In 1720 a fund of 50,000*l.* was raised, George I. giving 10,000*l.* The Opera, rechristened the King's Theatre, was placed under the direction of the governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors of the Royal Academy of Music. Handel, Attilio, and Buonomini were engaged as composers. In 1734-5 Farinelli had 1500 guineas and a free benefit for the season. This was the first instance of that enormous system of over-payment that has tended to enrich individuals and impoverish art. Handel died in 1759. Many were the lessees and conductors until June 17, 1789, when the house was burnt down. It was rebuilt in 1790, by Novosielski. Wm. Taylor became lessee.

"Whilst the house was rebuilding, the opera performances took place at the Pantheon, under a Mr. O'Reilly, who obtained a license through the then Duke of Bedford. (We request our readers to note this, as it was made a ground to commence the *try* for a second Opera House.)

"When the new Opera House, Haymarket, was finished, a license was refused. It opened, under the pretence of a rehearsal, March 26, 1791—the entertainments: A concert, one act *serious* in Italian, a divertissement, a concert, one act *comic* in Italian, and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, a *ballet*. Such performances went on until July 18, the Pantheon being open, under the *Bedford license*, with *regular operas*.

"On Jan. 14, 1792, the Pantheon was burnt to the ground, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A vast deal of discussion ensued as to the vested rights of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Opera House; and at length, by arbitration, matters were settled. This was called 'The Final Arrangement,' was sanctioned by George III., George IV. (then Prince of Wales), the Marquis of Salisbury (chamberlain), and by the Duke of Bedford (ground landlord of the two patent theatres). The King's Theatre paid 30,000*l.* towards the losses of the Pantheon.

"Mr. Gould, who had assisted Taylor, found the affairs of the King's Theatre in an awful state. The losses in 1805, 6, 7, and 8, amounted to 15,261*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* Increased subscriptions were the consequence; and in 1816 the property was sold to Mr. Waters, under an order of the Court of Chancery, for 70,150*l.*

"The Commissioners for the Improvement of London granted Mr. Holloway, of Chancery Lane, the late ground landlord of the King's Theatre, a renewal, on condition that the building be finished so as to form an imposing feature in the metropolis, with a covered way round the whole. Mr. Holloway died, but his executors fulfilled the conditions, at an expense of 50,000*l.* Nash and Repton being the architects.

"The wars between Waters and Taylor, the lessee, were in-terminable.

"In 1810, the British public were seized with a dramatic *fury*, and they succeeded in passing a sort of theatrical Reform Bill, known by the name of the O. P. Row. The epidemic spread to the Opera House. Mr. Taylor issued a circular, requiring an increase in the price of subscription. Thereupon a meeting was called, Lord Bruce in the chair. Mr. T.'s circular was declared gross and impertinent, and the demand of sixty guineas extra extortionate. A committee was appointed, consisting of the Marquis of Douglas, Earl Gower, and nineteen others. On the 11th of January, 1811, the committee sat again. Colonel Greville

said he had been pointed out as an improper person to sit on the committee, 'as he held the license of another theatre in his pocket.' This he only *indirectly* denied. One of the resolutions arrived at was as follows:

"That it be recommended to those ladies in whose names the boxes are held to make a tender at the Opera Office of the amount of their several subscriptions, as paid for last season; and in case of such tender being rejected, they are advised to withdraw their patronage from the Opera while it continues under the present management."

"Mr. Bonner stated the accounts for 1809-10, thus—

"Subscriptions (some of which appear to be unpaid)	£37,245 17 5
nightly receipts, benefit rents, &c.	36,711 8 11
"Disbursements	
"Balance	534 8 7

"(During this time the insurance had not been paid—a perilous neglect). Taylor said, 'My loss for the three years past has been 17,184/- 6s. 2d.'

"The ladies responded to the call made upon them; declared Taylor's circular to be highly offensive and improper; and that they had determined to resist any augmentation of price, and to withdraw their patronage from Mr. Taylor. Twenty of the fair flowers of our aristocracy signed this declaration of rights.

"Colonel Greville published a letter, in which he says, 'Taylor had a licensee, and you (the subscribers) had a security that your boxes should never cost you more than 180 guineas; *that fashion should always be preferred* when boxes were vacant.' (Keep out the citizens by all means.) In 1792 Mr. T. was allowed to sell boxes and silver tickets to the amount of 90,000/-, and which, had they not been sold, reckoning each box at 180/-, and each ticket at 20/- a year, would have produced an annual increase to the Opera receipts of 11,880/-. This enormous advantage, continues the Colonel, 'Mr. Taylor obtained, together with the promise that his theatre should be a *monopoly*.'

"In seventeen years Mr. T., having paid off the incumbrances, and the boxes 66 having become vacant, treated the trust deed as waste parchment. It was then proposed to build a new theatre, by a subscription of from 60,000/- to 80,000/-.

"Taylor was a most improvident and obstinate man, almost always in prison, or out of the way for fear of being sent there, and incessantly at variance with the subscribers. He delegated to Mr. H. W. Masterton all the monetary affairs of the theatre. When he wanted money—and when did he not?—Mr. Ebers, the bookseller, advanced it. One night Catalani refused to appear, unless her arrears, upwards of 1000/- were paid there and then. Mr. E. paid it. These scenes were of incessant occurrence.

"Colonel Greville had taken the Argyll Rooms in 1808, and, with Naldi, got up some comic operas. They quarrelled, and a lawsuit was the consequence, Naldi recovering 4000/. Then there were pamphlets and replies without number. All this was deemed sufficient to show the colonel's determination to create a *second Opera House*.

"Colonel G., at a public meeting, stated 'he had got, as subscribers to the Pantheon, thirty or forty ladies—five or six were duchesses, and eight or nine marchionesses.'

"On the 8th August, 1811, a meeting took place at the Pantheon, convened by Colonel Greville, 'to put for public consideration the propriety of entering into a project for converting the Pantheon into a theatre.'

"The resolutions will be read now by the real lovers of music and the drama with great interest:—

"Resolved, on the motion of Colonel O'Kelly, that to convert the Pantheon into a theatre for *Italian operas* and foreign dancers, ought not to be countenanced or encouraged, for the following reasons:—

"Because there is *already* in the metropolis *one of the largest theatres in Europe exclusively* devoted to performances of that description.

"Because the public ought not to be unprovided with *national* theatrical entertainments."

"Mr. Greville repudiated the meeting, and put forth his plan. Subscribers, 1000/- each, and to receive 11/- 10s. per cent. After all this he made out that his annual profits would be 8868/- It was a capital scheme *upon paper*.

"The New Opera House scheme now assumed a new phase.

It was to be for 'comic Italian operas, with music and dancing; and in the *winter* months performances similar to those given at the Lyceum in the *summer*.'

"Mr. Joseph Kemp, Doctor of Music, wrote a letter, in which he says, 'We are called on to subscribe to an exhibition of foreigners; and are told that 22,000/- has been voted for the importation of singers and dancers from the continent.'

"Captain John Forbes, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, so far from thinking that that theatre had a right to perform foreign operas, actually thought they should not be permitted at all.

"CAPTAIN JOHN FORBES CALLED AND EXAMINED. 25TH JUNE, 1832.

"Q. 1801. Do you complain of the Lord Chamberlain licensing Italian and French operas at present at the King's Theatre.—A. I do not recollect that we have made formal complaint of that; but I think we, have reason to complain of it."

"On the 15th December, 1811, Taylor published an advertisement, wherein he stated that a most extraordinary enterprise, in the shape of an operatic establishment, had been set up at the Pantheon. 'That the Lord Chamberlain had declared that, in granting Mr. Greville a licence for the Pantheon, he never meant to infringe or interfere at all with the King's Theatre, nor would he ever have consented to any licence of that kind. The words music and dancing did not authorise *ballets*.'

"Taylor triumphed, but he was still immersed in difficulties. Amid mortgages, quarrels, law-suits, pamphlets, and paragraphs, he struggled on, Mr. Ebers, who had a strong interest in the letting boxes, &c., acting as his friend and banker. At last, the debt became so heavy that, in self-defence, he slipped into Mr. T.'s shoes, with great misgivings, and on the express condition that Mr. Ayrton undertook the musical direction.

"Mr. Ebers, on the 21st December, 1821, became lessee for one year. Taylor had saddled the house with the following engagements:—

Angresani.....	600 gs.	Zara (scene painter) ..	189 gs.
Romero.....	410 "	Spagnoletti	250 "
Camporesi.....	1550 "	Dragonetti	150 "
Rent.....	£3180 13s		

"The season commenced March 10, with 1822, with *La Gazzetta*. On the fourth night, George IV. came to the Opera, with York, Clarence, Wellington, &c.

"This successful season (or half season) Ebers lost 7000/-, thus—receipts, 32,223/-; expenses, 39,298/-.

"Season 1822 was remarkable for one circumstance. Mr. Chambers, the mortgagee of the house, agreed to purchase Mr. Waters' interest for 80,000/-, and thus became sole proprietor. He demanded of Mr. E. a yearly rent of 10,000/-. On this Waters wanted to rescind the sale, and thus began the Chancery suit, Waters v. Chambers. Cross bills were filed, and ultimately Chambers became a bankrupt. The melancholy story of these transactions, the enormous sums made by attorneys, and by them only, is a reproach to the laws of this country that is continually harped upon abroad.

"Amid the salaries of the season (1823) were—Camporesi, 1550/-; Curioni, 900/-; De Begnis (Signor and Madame), 1800/-; Piacci, 600/-; Albert, 1200/-; Anatole, 1300/-; Paul, 1200/-; Mercandotti, 800/-; Vestris (Mons. C. and Madame), 1200/-.

"In 1824 Madame de Begnis alone received 1400/-, the Signor 800/-; Pasta had 1450/-; Rossini's wife, 1500/-; Autier and Albert, 1000/- each; M. Vestris, 900/-; M. Rozzi Vestris, 1000/- In 1827 Pasta had 2365/-.

"In the last-named year, Mr. Ebers sustained the *least* seasonal loss he ever encountered, only dropping 2574/- The receipts of the season had actually been 48,389/- Mr. E.'s losses, *in total*, exceeded 20,000/-.

"Laporte and Laurent succeeded; then Laporte reigned alone. Again we had embarrassments, disappointments, and complaints.

"About 1832, M. Laporte took Covent Garden Theatre. In the same year, the select committee on dramatic literature were sitting.

"27TH JUNE, 1832.—PETER FRANCOIS LAPORTE CALLED IN AND EXAMINED.

"Q. 2,154. If you had the power of playing Italian operas (at

Covent Garden), would you have given more for that theatre than you have done? A. Perhaps I would.

“Q. Would you like to have the option of playing Italian operas?—A. Yes.

“(We quote this to show that up to this period it was perfectly understood that Italian operas could not be performed at Covent Garden Theatre.)

He then quotes the seventh article of the final arrangement, as follows:—

“It is to be understood as a part of the settlement *bona fide* between the three theatres, that the patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden shall NEVER BE EXERCISED FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF ITALIAN OPERAS, and that the Haymarket (*i.e.* King's) Theatre and patent shall be for the Italian operas only.”

“Q. 1,813. If you had the power of performing Italian operas you could let the theatre for £3,000 or £4,000 more.—A. That is so.

“Again, they are to perform such tragedies, plays, operas, and entertainments of the stage only as have already, and shall hereafter, be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. Are Italian operas licensed?—No. They are played under the general permission of the King's Theatre to have Italian operas and ballets of action, and no other species of entertainment whatever.”

“Thus stood the case when Mr. Lumley assumed the reins. Since that period a great change has taken place in the management of the Italian Opera House. Discord has given way to harmony. The disappointments, the distraction, that disquieted all connected with that establishment have ceased to exist; the best available talent has been obtained at all hazards; all claims on the theatre have been honourably and regularly liquidated; and this in despite of an opposition of foreign talent engaged at Drury, which, especially in the ballet department, has for seasons attempted to rival the King's Theatre.

“The new scheme will divide the talent of Europe, and we shall have two bad opera companies, instead of one great one. The same effort was made in 1790, and the projectors lost 30,000*l.* It was proposed in 1811, but never carried out. Putting all this aside, what is to become of our native professors? Are all our dramatic and musical professors to starve, because the lady of a Parisian banker, a disappointed *prima donna*, and a would be composer, enter into a combination to injure the existing, and produce a new foreign company? We protest against it as illegal—as uncalled for, if legal—as an insult to the talent of the nation—and as truckling to other nations that will not encourage our artists in return.

“This article has already extended far beyond the limits we intended to assign it. We shall return to the subject, which involves public taste and public rights. Meantime we beg our readers to look at this list:—

“Lessees and directors of the Italian Opera House, Haymarket, from the commencement in 1705.

MacSwiney	Yates	Tranchard
Collier	Gordon	Taylor
Aaron Hill	Hon. J. Hobart	Goold
Hodder	Brookes	Waters
Handel	O'Reilly	Ebers
Earl of Middlesex	Le Texier	Benelli
Signora Venischi	Sir John Gallini	LaPorte
Crawford		

“All these persons failed, were either unable to fulfil their engagements, or did fulfil them at immense losses. Mr. Lumley has fulfilled all engagements, and, we believe, realised a handsome profit.”

Although by no means ingenious, the above history of the progress of the Italian Opera in England, and the disasters of

“* The license really granted was in the following words:—‘I do hereby give leave and license to H. S. Greville, Esq., to have burlettas, music, and dancing; also, dramatic entertainments, by children under the age of seventeen years, from the 30th July next to the 30th July, 1812, at the Pantheon in Oxford-street, within the liberties of Westminster.’—The application to the Chamberlain was made originally under the cloak of forming a dramatic seminary; hence the restriction as to age.”

the various managers, is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. But we are somewhat surprised to observe, that the careful compiler has omitted all mention of Mr. Monck Mason, one of the most spirited and one of the most punished of all the directors of her Majesty's theatre. It was Monck Mason who brought out *Robert le Diable*, with the original French cast; it was Monck Mason who introduced the German Opera in England; and it was Monck Mason who first travelled across the channel in a balloon.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

STRAND.

The new drama produced on Monday night at this house, under the title of the *Daughter of the Stars*, is founded on a very good idea. An unsuspecting gipsy girl is used by a crafty lawyer as an instrument in a stratagem practised against a testy old gentleman, who shuts his door against his nephew, and looks out for another relative. The gipsy, who has been rescued by the nephew from a ruffianly farmer, and who, moreover, conceives a secret passion for him, joyfully asserts her supposed claim to the family estates, in the hope of ultimately restoring them. Her devotion is ill rewarded. The governess who is employed to cultivate her mind, and on whom she has bestowed her friendship, turns out to be the wife of the man she loves, and the very person whose name she has been forced to assume, while the rascally lawyer who has contrived the plot proves to be her father. Notwithstanding the painful impression produced by the circumstance that a completely innocent person is reduced to a situation of intense misery without any possibility of relief, the situation of the “daughter of the stars,” which resembles that of Roxane in Racine's *Bajazet*, is highly interesting.

The dialogue is written with exceeding smartness, the genuine wit of the author sometimes misleading him to forget the position of the personages who utter the repartees—the old failing of Congreve. The goodness of the idea would be better shown were there more closeness in the treatment—a fact which becomes especially prominent in the catastrophe.

The principal character, that of Miriam, the “daughter of the stars,” is assigned to Mrs. Stirling, who effectively contrasts the rudeness of the gipsy girl in the first act with the refined and pathetic being of the second. The scene between Miriam and the wife of the man she loves, in which the latter—not the former—sees the true state of their mutual position, she manages with great tact and delicacy, and is well supported by Mrs. Leigh Murray, an actress who shows real artistic feeling in all she undertakes. The lawyer who contrives the scheme, and who is a sort of Silky, is admirably played by Mr. Cooke, who does not leave one bald place in the surface of hypocrisy. Mr. W. Farmer completely looks the selfish uncle he is intended to portray; and a vinous butler is well made up by Mr. Compton.

The audience applauded loudly at the end. Mrs. Stirling received a bouquet; and Mr. Shirley Brooks, being universally summoned, appeared before the curtain.

MR. BUNN AT THE LITERARY INSTITUTION, LEEDS.—The enterprising ex-manager of Drury Lane Theatre delivered his popular Shaksperian lecture at these rooms on Wednesday, to one of the greatest crowds ever assembled within the walls. His reception was so enthusiastic that he has been re-engaged by the directors to give another of his amusing and instructive entertainments.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—ED.]

A KING AT A MASQUERADE.—It happened in the reign of Charles the Sixth, to sixe, that masked it to a marriage at the hostell of St. Paul's, in Paris, being attired like wild horses, covered with loose flax dangling downe like haire—all bedabbled with grease, for the fitter hanging thereof, and fast bound one to another; and in this guise entered the hall, dancing with torches before them. But behold, sodainely their plain turned to a tragedie, for a spark of one of their torches fell into the greasie flax of his neighbour, and set it immedately on fire, so that in the turning of a hand they were all on flaine. Then gave they out a most terrible outcry. One of them threw himself headlong into a tubb of water, provided to renge their drinking cups and goblites, and uppon that occasion standing not farre off; two were burned to death without stirring one from the plaice. The bastarde Foix and the Earl of Jouy escaped indeed from presente death, but being conveyed to their lodgings they survived not two days. The King himself being one of the sixe, was saved by the Duchesse of Berry; that, covering him with her loose and wide garments, quenched the fire before it could seage upon the flesh. Teroy-sard, the reporter of this tragedie, saith that the next morrow every man could saye that this was a wonderfull signe and advertisement sent by God to the King to warn him to renounce all such sond and foolish devices which he delighted too much in, and more than it became a King of France to do, and this was the event of that gallant masque.—*Theatre of God's Judgement* (1663).

THEATRICAL PIRATES.—The Edinburgh company of comedians, having embarked on board a ship, on Wednesday, August 13, in order to exhibit at Aberdeen during the vacation, were taken by an American privateer, and carried into Niant.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1777.

GLUCK.—The following letter was addressed to this great dramatic composer by the *Académie Royale de Musique*, of Paris, in 1771:—“Monsieur: You are aware that our first wish was to see your talents united to our efforts to sustain with *éclat* the spectacle of the opera, which the minister has kindly confided to our care. He has this day been graciously pleased to add to his bounties, by authorising us to offer you the sum of 6000*fr.* per annum so long as you shall continue to labour for the theatre of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, upon condition that you produce at least one new opera a year; and a gratuity of 2000*fr.* when your opera shall have exceeded forty representations; and this without prejudice to the author's fees, which shall be paid to you in accordance with the will of the King. The minister has also authorised us to promise you a pension of 2000*fr.* reversible to Madame Gluck, after the success of five new operas. The minister still further adds to the marks of his kindness with which he has honoured us, by permitting us to assure you that he will cause to be paid to you annually the sum of four thousand *livres.* We now only wait, for our entire satisfaction, your acceptance of the proposal which the minister has authorised us to make to you.—We have the honour, &c., DAUVERGNE, GOSSE, LEROS, DURANT, GARDEL, DAUBERVAL, NOVERIE.” (Gosse was one of the first who developed the form of the orchestral symphony.)

JENNY LIND.—The “Swedish Nightingale,” as she is termed, was born at Stockholm, on the 8th of February, 1820. Her parents kept a school. “Her voice,” says a journalist, in October, 1846, “is of an extraordinary compass, and the upper notes are quite delicious, as clear as a bell; and she warbles like a nightingale. We fear that *there is but little chance of her visiting England*—at least for some time to come; for she does not like to sing even in *Italian*, much less *English*.” The critic was more of a connoisseur than of a prophet.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND THE ACTRESS.—Mrs. Siddons having occasion to call on Dr. Johnson, and his servant not immediately bringing her a chair, the learned Doctor observed, “You see, madam, wherever you go, how difficult it is to procure a seat.” And yet the great master of sesquipedalian puns was known to have said that “a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket.” Certainly the Doctor's pun was not a good one—which may stand as his defence.

SKETCHING FROM LIFE.—The father of Ariosto being one day exceedingly angry with him, reprimanded him in unmeasured terms. The young poet listened, not only with patience, but with profound attention—not offering a single word in his defence—but, on the contrary, seemed to wish that the lecture might be prolonged. A friend, who was present, asked him, after his father had retired, the meaning of his behaviour. Ariosto replied, “That he had been for some days at work upon a comedy, and was much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reproving his son; that at the moment his father opened his mouth it struck him as an admirable opportunity to study his manner, so that he might paint his picture as close as possible after nature; being absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, face, and action of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth or falsehood of the charge.”

AN EXAMPLE FOR FOREIGN ARTISTS.—Grisi and Mario are life subscribers of ten guineas each to the Royal Society of Musicians.

A GIGANTIC STATUE.—A Frankfort journal states that the colossal statue of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler, which is to be placed on the hill of Sendling, surpasses in proportions all the works of the moderns. It will have to be removed in pieces from the foundry where it is cast to its place of destination, and each piece will require sixteen horses to draw it. The great toes are each half a metre in length. In the head two persons could dance a polka very conveniently, while the nose might lodge the musician. The thickness of the robe—which forms a rich drapery descending to the ankles—is about six inches, and its circumference at the bottom about two hundred metres. The crown of Victory which the figure holds in her hands weighs one hundred quintals (one hundred hundred weight).—*Manchester Examiner*.

GREAT GENIUS OFTEN SHORT-LIVED.—Mozart, Raphael, Byron, and Mendelssohn, all died about the same age—scarcely thirty-seven. Shelley was drowned in his thirtieth year. Keats died at twenty-four. Pinto, an English composer of extraordinary promise, died at twenty-one. Many other interesting examples of short-lived genius could be produced.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—We are told that Gregorian chants possess, among other "real merits," that of being "unfettered by the shackles of bars." And the laity are wished to believe that the power of singing together in large numbers, with the unanimity of one voice, is more easily to be attained *without* the assistance of the modern "time measures" than with. This very antiquarian view of the matter, however, is not only unsupported by facts, but is actually contradicted by the circumstances of every-day experience, as is at once apparent if we refer for parallels to other occasions than church assemblies, where a large concourse of persons have to think and act together. For instance, in a ball-room, would the people dance together better to anti-rhythical music? or, would soldiers "keep step" better to out-of-time music? or, would sailors "weigh the anchor" more successfully if the boatswain's signal were to be rendered uncertain? "Common sense" would say not. Yet, in spite of every atom of evidence and experience being against them, the Gregorianisers will persevere in asserting the contrary—that large numbers can progress together better without a strong guide than with.

It will be seen that I have not said a word about the present improved system of rhythmical musical education, all the very powerful arguments concerning which are, in addition to the above, arranged against the Gregorianisers.

One of the anti-rhythical Gregorian chants I will now give (with the added harmonies of Thomas Morley), and one of the rhythmical Anglican chants, by Dr. Croft; and the reader can try to which he can sing the "Gloria Patri" the most easily.

The Seventh Gregorian Chant—Melody in the Tenor.



Anglican Single Chant.



I would now ask, what class of choral musical composition is found to be the most difficult of correct performance? The distinctly phrased? No; but the anti-rhythical. The same choristers that will sing the "Hallelujah," "Worthy is the lamb," "Horse and his rider," "The monster Polyphebe," and hundreds of other elaborate choruses of first-class musical difficulty, with the greatest precision and effect, will often in the recitative choruses in the *Elijah*, *Antigone*, &c., which do not present one-tenth part of the executive difficulty, betray symptoms of distrust and indecision. Why is this? Simply because they have *not* a musical rhythm to help them on and guide them.

Yet, in the very teeth of this, the Gregorianisers will insist that the anti-rhythicality of a chant will be an assistance to the chant-

ing of the Psalms by a large congregation; and the adoption of phrased chants a positive *hindrance*.—Yours, very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST.

August 7, 1850.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Many and various are the good effects arising from free and temperate controversy. On its greater and more important effects I wish not, at present, to touch; I merely wish to show that you having encouraged the letters upon the Gregorian Chants, we are not only enabled to obtain a clear view of the case, but, in my case, have had a misconception corrected. Your valued correspondent, "Organist," has corrected me, it is true, in the sentence he quotes. I meant not, nor even thought of, the slightest allusion to him, but I have now the satisfaction of knowing, what before I was rather doubtful of, that I can include him among those who think with me concerning these much-talked-of Chants; and, further, what he says in another letter concerning your "usual" &c., &c.

There is a point which the promoters of the Anglican Chants urge, and I think with too great importance, that the Gregorians are more difficult to sing. With this I cannot agree. One says the singers having no interest in them consequently render them difficult; but your correspondent should bear in mind that it is as improper to force singers to perform what appears to them unnatural as it is that we should be compelled, without exception, to adopt the miserable, unharmonised Gregorians—a proceeding as nearly allied to freezing as anything short of frost can be. Let singers be engaged, unprejudiced, and such as can discern the beauties of properly-harmonised Gregorians, and the best of our Anglicans; and, if such cannot sing both equally well, I give up my position. I say so much upon this point, that it should not be said we resort to so ridiculous a shift as the difficulty of a few simple notes, which are generally allowed to be the simplest of the simple, in order to exalt our legitimate chants.

There is another fact—the occasional finding fragments of the Gregorians in the streets and elsewhere. Such is but a poor argument. How many other besides Gregorian fragments are to be found there? It may be said that, for one favouring the Anglican Chants, I am saying a very great deal too much in favour of the others: in reply to such I would merely say, let it be borne in mind I am favourable to both, should the latter appear in a Christian-like form, and, wishing it to appear so, I would fain support it as much as possible. Any other proceeding would be but a poor return.

Wishing rather to learn than to teach by this controversy, but also wishing to offer you the above suggestions, and to offer my poor approval of the course your principal correspondent ("Organist") takes, believe me to be, Sir, your's very respectfully,

ANGLICAN-GREGORIAN.

SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICAL PROFESSORS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR.—Let me entreat both Messrs. Aspull and Flowers to abstain from any further personalities, which are neither an evidence of good taste nor artistic feeling. Let me suggest, that they employ their pens and their talents in forwarding the interest of our divine art by the endeavour to improve the taste of the public for music of a classical and elevated character, which will redound infinitely more to their fame than indulgence in the expression of acrimonious feelings.

There is a much more honourable field unoccupied for a display of their talent and energy; one in which their prowess may be usefully and honourably displayed, and which indeed demands of all sound and intellectual musicians their warmest co-operation. In this field, there are so many points to attack as to afford them full occupation for the use of that very keen and powerful weapon, the pen. I allude to the circumstance, that the musical profession is not advancing its position in the social scale; indeed, I almost fear it is losing ground. Where is the encouragement for the production of the intellectual, classical, and scientific musician? Shall be

look to the public? Shall he look to the Church? Shall he look to the music-publisher for encouragement? Alas! I fear, if he looks to either, that disappointment will be his portion. I, at least, will not be the person who will "speak the word of promise to the ear," lest it should be broken to the hope. And although the musician of the character now before us can luxuriate in melody, he cannot exist on air; and, therefore, he is compelled to take upon himself the office of the teacher. And where is his encouragement here? Boarding-school misses find Mozart and Beethoven and Mendelssohn too dry, or too difficult, and must, therefore, learn quadrilles, or polkas, or some of the hundred and one orders of this class of music, which those much below mediocrity can teach; and, therefore, you have ladies, young and old, who are able to tell you the names of the keys of the pianoforte, and can manage to play a waltz or polka, springing up like mushrooms, and undertaking to teach all they know, and all they do not know of music. You have fond papas and doting mammas, who believe that young ladies are now so wondrously clever, that they can not only teach music to perfection, but also all the arts and sciences in existence, in addition to every known language, living or dead. You have also plenty of gentlemen, who, however deficient they may be in musical knowledge, are not at all so in the tact and knowledge of the world necessary to turn the ignorance and bad taste of the multitude to their own advantage. You have also, amongst almost innumerable principals of schools, numbers also ready to take advantage of this ignorance by employing, at a cheap rate, incompetent and inefficient—might I not say, ignorant?—persons as teachers. Indeed, on all sides is the real and sterling musician vigorously attacked in his resources, and unless he puts forth his whole energy, he is doomed, for a time at least, to be driven before his competitors, as surely as the North American Indian is driven before the pale faces of that hemisphere.

But where, will be asked, is the remedy for this state of things?

I have no doubt that your numerous and talented correspondents, when they have their attention directed to the subject, will be able to point out many remedies for the disease which affects the body musical.

In the mean time—seeing that the honourable profession of the law have their Inns of Court, the medical profession have their colleges of physicians and surgeons, the arts of painting, of sculpture, and architecture, have their Royal Academy, and even the dispensing chemist has his Pharmaceutical Society—I would ask, why should not the educated and sterling musician have his association? We all acknowledge the axiom, "that union is strength"; then why should not musicians combine for their own protection? It has been said, that musicians have so large a portion of discord inherent in their nature as to prevent any continued union amongst them. I have no doubt but that most of my readers will readily confess their love of such discords as suspensions, or dominant and diminished sevenths. But that musicians of the present day—men who adore their art, have such petty jealousies, such quarrelsome dispositions and tempers as to prevent a combination for their own protection, and for the advance of their art, I will not believe; and I therefore call upon all true musicians to think seriously of this proposition for a musical association, which, well and carefully organized and directed, might be of the utmost advantage. But as I have already taken up so large a portion of your space, Mr. Editor, I shall defer to a future opportunity to lay before you more fully my plan. In the mean time, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, your very obedient servant,

EDWARD DEARLE.

THE SYMPHONIES &c., OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I shall feel obliged by your informing me, in your very useful paper, what has given rise here to some discussion, viz., How many perfect symphonies were composed respectively by Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, and whether there have been any other respectable symphonists? (Mendelssohn excepted.) Also, How many sonatas were written by each respectively?—sonatas, I conclude, for violin and pianoforte. Apologizing for the trouble, I remain, your old subscriber,

MARSTAS.

May I ask, thirdly—Was secular music, such as symphonies, &c., at all written or studied before the days of Haydn?

[Beethoven wrote nine grand symphonies; Mozart seven. No doubt both of these masters composed others which have not been published. Several small symphonies of Mozart have lately been printed, as piano duets, by Ewer and Co. The genuineness of these has been disputed—we think unreasonably, since they bear indisputable evidence of Mozart's manner and workmanship. Haydn wrote a vast number of symphonies, but the exact amount we are unable to give. There are many other symphony composers besides these and Mendelssohn, among whom the most distinguished is Spohr. The others are too numerous to mention. Nor can we state the *precise* number of sonatas written by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Before Haydn's time the symphony was not developed to its present form. Those of Vanhal, Gosec, Kotzwasa, and others, though in several movements, are very brief and sketchy.—Ed.]

FRENCH FLOWERS & THE "WE."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I did not say that a composition of Mozart's "tended to repress the flow of soul." Why, then, the musical *Wx* of the *Literary Gazette* should address me as one of his "monomaniacs" in Bedlam, I cannot understand. It should have been his place to set up an argument showing scientifically (being on the *Literary Gazette*!) his right to condemn a justly-admired composition: this would have been far more dignified than striking a *tit-for-tat* blow at me. My knowledge of counterpoint may be unpleasant to *Wx*, but this is no reason why *Wx* should not have tried to defend himself ably. The weakest work of Mozart is worth more than all the fashionable, feverish language *Wx* bestows on the comparatively small composers.

I suppose *Wx* thought the composition in question "tended to repress the flow of soul," because it was written for a musical clock; but had Mozart written for an unmusical Jew's-harp, the composition would be worthy of a critic's praise: so *Wx* need not be shy in awarding it on all occasions, if Mozart be the theme. Lastly, I hope *Wx* will remember that a critic who sneers at counterpoint is very likely to make many mistakes. Now, if "tis a pity when charming women talk of things they don't understand," what can they say of mustachioed men who are in the same predicament? Perhaps they would exclaim, by way of retort, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

PS.—My next letter will be on "The effect of Church Music on different minds."

Be so kind, Mr. Editor, to add to my letter the following remarks in answer to two PSS. which appeared in your last impression:

PS. 2.—Being more acquainted, from my youth up even till now, with the clergy, as a body, than any other class of men, I am at liberty to form my own opinion relative to the close connection between the Puseyite and the Gregorian movements, which together did and do unnecessarily disturb the peace of the church.

PS. 3.—I regret that "An Old Subscriber" should deem self-defence "trash" and associate my name with a defamer's—it shows a want of judgment and kindness, which imply superficiality and ill-breeding; the force of which he would feel if he were maltreated. No one can be more sorry than myself to be obliged to write on uninteresting topics, but to allow falsehood to go unnoticed would tacitly encourage the pernicious practice of it.

FRENCH FLOWERS.

ASPILL & FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—I have waited in the hope that some one would come forward to rescue the pages of the *Musical World* from the state which the pen of Mr. Flowers had placed them in. I have not waited in vain. My thanks are due to Mr. Brown for a letter, teeming with ability and good sense, in my favour; and feeling that some reply is necessary to the coarse, unfeeling, and un-

gentlemanly letter which Mr. Flowers has thought proper to inflict on the feelings and patience of your numerous readers, I will at once briefly state that the "conversations" are so garbled, mis-quoted, and twisted, that they are unworthy the belief of even the most credulous. I also assert, broadly and openly, that the portion alluding to "guilty quivering lips, and whitened face," is a gross and wilful perversion of the truth; having no basis but that of a most wicked invention, and as fallacious as are his attempts to construct a *canto fermo* to work a decent fugue upon! I also beg to state that I was, for some years, the friend and the pupil, by correspondence, in a series of lessons on counterpoint, of the late Dr. Kinch of Darmstadt; and, as those letters, in which I am titled with the gratifying appellations named will soon be in the course of publication, I cannot but consider the sneers and doubts of Mr. Flowers to be otherwise than that of a piece of gross impertinence, unworthy a man of honour and a gentleman. In the *error of mis-naming* the long-expected but never-to-be-forthcoming work on sequence, and never-to-be-dedicated to the "famous Dr. Spohr," I humbly apologise, assuring him that no one will more readily acknowledge an error than his humble servant myself. To conclude, I have yet to learn why those things should be reviled which, even in the lowest class, claim and *command* a sympathy. Mr. Flowers is devoid of. *Fie! fie!* Mr. French Flowers—*fie upon't!* this at least is ungenerous and unmanly. I am, it is true, older—yes, a few years thy elder—nay, have grey hairs, even almost white, far beyond my years would warrant, Mr. Editor. But why these should be lugged in as unworthy adjuncts for abuse and contumely needs no comment. It is plainly a "weak invention of the enemy." But I beg *lastly* to state, that I have no personal animus against Mr. Flowers, *per se*. His inextinguishable abuse of men and musicians so infinitely his superiors—his conceited and arrogant assumption of powers and talents which neither nature or art ever did or can produce in him—his vulgar and ill-natured criticism on singing, singers, and local professors, and the gross ignorance betrayed, provoked an indignation which vented itself in the letters I had the honour of sending to the *Musical World*. Who could restrain it when out came a declaration that it was only till "very lately" that he had paid particular attention to singing? Yet in that "very lately" had he arrived at such consummate hardihood as to gravely tell the world that "three months" were sufficient to produce that which every honest master knows would take as many years to accomplish? "Cannot a common voice," says Mr. F., "be taught the proper way of pouring forth sounds, which, when issuing from the feeblest voice, must produce an irresistible charm?" Was ever greater nonsense ever written? It is this and unfeeling abuse of others I have urged war against: how successfully I leave to the unbiased minds of all who read your valuable journal. I am no advocate for keeping up the spirit of recrimination; and were Mr. Flowers to read my letters rightly, he would see a purer spirit of raillery than abuse of even his intolerable puffery and self-conceit.—Apologising for so much intrusion, believe me faithfully yours,

W. ASFULL.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BUDD.

(From a Correspondent.)

This gentleman, who has been for many years well and favourably known by the musical profession, died on the 1st instant, at his residence in Pall Mall, aged forty-two, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and seven children to lament his loss.

Mr. Budd was secretary to the Philharmonic, also treasurer and secretary to the Western Madrigal Society, for many years, and highly esteemed by both societies. He composed some clever glees and madrigals, and was a good performer of vocal music in parts, of which he possessed a most valuable collection.

Mr. Budd was of the firm of Calkin and Budd, booksellers, Pall Mall. His wife was a daughter of the late Mr. Willmann, the well-known clarinet player.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT UXBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Our quiet town received a new impetus in its existence on Wednesday evening, when the annual concert of Mr. J. T. Birch took place at the Public Rooms. There was a good gathering of fashionables present; and of amateurs and the middle sort there was no lack.

A very small band was provided by Mr. J. T. Birch, but all true men, and stout of hand. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was entrusted to two violins, one viola, one violoncello, one flute, and one piano—the executants being Messrs. V. Collins, J. Collins, G. Collins, W. H. Birch, Richardson, and J. T. Birch. That the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was, in consequence, shorn of its beams and strength, may be readily surmised; but this does not preclude the bestowal of a valuable amount of praise upon the exertions of each individual concerned. For instance, the one violoncello did his best for the opening bit; Richardson was at home in the flute obligato to the Swiss *andante*; the piano did what it could to supply the place of the clarinet and the oboe; and everybody made as much noise as it was possible to agitate a respectable storm. If Rossini's effects were not produced it was no fault of the performers, unless blame could be attributed to each man for not making a multiple of himself. This was the only orchestral *morceau* attempted, and I think the concert would not have suffered had it been omitted.

The vocal section of the performance was decidedly good, as you must allow, when I inform you we had Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham among the singers. Besides these, there were M. Drayton, the baritone, Miss L. Stuart, Miss Elvina Collins, and Miss Medora Collins.

The instrumentalists comprised Richardson (flute); Mr. Viotti Collins and Mr. Isaac Collins (violins); Mr. George Colling (violoncello); Mr. W. H. Birch (concertina); and Mr. J. T. Birch (pianoforte).

The concert commenced with a trio by Cherubini, sung by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss L. Stuart, and Miss M. Williams; it was followed by Alexander Lee's song, "I'll be no submissive wife," sung by Miss Eliza Collins. Neither of these pieces appeared to afford any extraordinary satisfaction. The former might have been a trifle too classical, the latter a trifle too common, for the unsophisticated ears polite of an Uxbridge auditory. What came next was better appreciated. Everybody knows the scene from *Sonnambula*, "As I view those scenes." M. Drayton delivered it with a stentorian power of lungs that made the near-listeners in the reserved seats wish themselves more remote. It was sung with graphic energy, and was loudly applauded. The three subsequent pieces were encored—Mr. Richardson, in a flute fantasia, by Nicholson; Miss M. Williams, in Gluck's everlasting but never-tiring "Che faro?"; and Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Irish Emigrant." The last-named gentleman substituted the "Lass o' Gowrie," which I truly conceive to be an indeniable improvement; for I cannot well fancy anything more lugubrious than the "Irish Emigrant," and few national ballads, I am sure, are more beautiful than the "Lass o' Gowrie." Mr. Bridge Frodsham gave both his songs with excellent feeling and taste.

By the way, the next singer in the next *morceau* won also an encore, and a unanimous one—it was Mrs. Alexander Newton, in the favourite cavatina, or polacca, as the bills call it, from *Linda di Chamouni*. It was a most brilliant performance. The fair artiste gave instead, Bishop's "Lo, hear the gentle lark," which was still more prized. Mrs. Newton has a charming soprano voice, and is a most finished artist. She created a great sensation on Wednesday night.

I am sure you will dispense with my entering into details. There were three more encores in the first part, and two in the second. The encores in the first part were awarded to Miss L. Stuart, in "Come off to the moors"; to Mr. Isaac Collins, in a Paganini solo on one string; and to Mr. A. Newton, in a new ballad by Mr. J. T. Birch; and in the second part to Miss Medora Collins, in "Smiling faces"; and to Mr. Bridge Frodsham, in the "Death of Nelson." To sum up, the concert was a most pleasing one, and Mr. J. T. Birch has no reason to find fault with the consequences.

MADAME SONTAG AND DON GIOVANNI.

THE following very judicious remarks appeared in an article on Her Majesty's Theatre, in the *Sunday Times* :—" On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was performed for the last time, and, to the votary of music of the highest order, the evening's entertainment presented a remarkable charm. How gloriously sound the melodies of Mozart after the inanities of one half of the composers of the day, and the beaten noise of the other half. But we have no space to do more than thank the manager of this establishment for giving us these occasional gleams of art amid the haziness and mock thunder of the compositions, which, in accordance with the present demand of fashion, he is compelled to produce, and which he does produce in a form of excellence which often defrauds us of our admiration. For our own part, we would sooner hear Sontag's exquisitely-finished voice warbling the rural coquettices of Zerlina, than in the most impossible aria in which a composer ever made her fresh and delicious organ run an unfair race with the mechanisms of the orchestra. Why should so superb a voice be asked to do feats when, if allowed fair play, it will do a greater feat than all—the complete fascination of a house, comprising, at once, the most fastidious and the most easily pleased of listeners. We fear, and it is with reluctance that we pen the fear, that Sontag's voice is being over-worked ; and although we know perfectly well that this is occasioned by the exercise of her loyalty to the management and her dauntless courage, we protest against her being allowed to do what she likes with herself. Why do not the hundreds of members of parliament, her admirers, insist on carrying a short-time act in her favour. Sontag has been singing throughout the week, and, after what we have said, we need not linger over her performance, pleasant as it would be to do so. She performs Amina on Thursday, for the farewell of Carlotta Grisi ; and even with all our recollections of Lind in that part strong upon us—when can time ever weaken them ?—Sontag's Amina will not suffer. What higher praise can be afforded ?"

With every word of which we heartily concur.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Tempesta was given for the last time on Friday, and was followed by *La Prima Ballerina*, in which the clever pantomime and admirable dancing of Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris again elicited the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

On Tuesday *Le Nozze di Figaro* was performed. We have nothing new to say of the manner in which this *chef d'œuvre* of musical comedy is rendered at Her Majesty's Theatre, except that the Susanna of Madame Sontag improves on every hearing. Her singing is quite Mozartean, and her acting, without ever bordering on vulgarity, has enough of the *soubrette* to preserve the idea of Beaumarchais ; and this can hardly be said of the Susanna of Mdlle. Lind, which with all its vocal perfection, wanted the liveliness which Madame Sontag imparts to the character.

On Thursday the entertainments were of a varied kind. The occasion was Carlotta Grisi's benefit, and the house was one of the fullest of the season. The operatic entertainments comprised *La Sonnambula*, in which Madame Sontag and Mr. Sims Reeves sustained the parts of Amina and Elvino, with their accustomed success ; and the last scene of *Ernani*, with the trio, which Mdlle. Parodi, Signors Gardoni and Belletti executed so finely as to win a loud encore from the audience. The dramatic fire of Mdlle. Parodi was never more remarkable, while Gardoni, who sang the music for the first time, appeared to such great advantage, that, for the sake of hearing

this accomplished and graceful tenor, we could even muster up the courage to listen to "Young Verdi's masterpiece," from beginning to end—that is for once in a way.

But as it was the benefit of Carlotta Grisi, the chief interest of the evening's proceedings was of course concentrated in the performances of that most consummate of *danses*. One act of *Giselle*, containing the famous *Pas de deux*, and one scene from *Esmeralda*, introducing the piquant *Truandaise*, were selected for the occasion. Carlotta danced and acted divinely in both those celebrated scenes, and never more irresistibly claimed her prerogative as *Reine absolue de la danse*. She was applauded to the echo, and unanimously recalled on each occasion.

Mademoiselle Rosa is making further advances. The Queen of the *Wilos* has some very difficult steps and *poses*, all of which she executed with extreme ease and a certain *abandon*, to which her youthful and comely form lent additional grace. Mdlle. Rosa was warmly applauded and very deservedly so. She has only to persist to become a first-rate *dansuse*. Of M. Charles it is enough to say that he is the legitimate successor of Perrot. The *Academie Royale de Musique et de Danse* has not his equal at the present moment. He has uncommon *légèreté*, great *aplomb*, grace, agility, and surprising strength, with youth in his favor. His *pas de deux* with Carlotta, in *Giselle*, was perfect. His *Gringoire* in *La Truandaise* was also very good, although a little exaggerated.

On Tuesday Madame Fiorentini, a singer of distinguished talent and reputation from Berlin, will appear, for the first time, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the opera of *Norma*. Great things are anticipated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Juive has been laid aside *pro tem.* For how long we cannot say. Its success has not been tantamount to what was anticipated—why, it is difficult to guess, since the cast was nothing short of first-rate, the band and chorus undeniable, the scenery, dresses, and appurtenances, the theme of universal praise. Yet *La Juive* has not had a triumphant success. Perhaps English audiences require still closer familiarity before they can enter into the spirit of M. Halévy's music. If so, it is a pity the opera was not performed a few nights oftener. A work of such reputation as *La Juive* should have been accorded every fair chance of popularity. The grand talent of Madame Viardot alone ought to have secured a run for it.

The Huguenots was given on Saturday. It was a splendid performance throughout, Grisi and Formes being in great force, while Mario surpassed himself. The house was very full.

Grisi was again in the ascendant on Tuesday. *Norma* was played. Tamberlik's Pollio was finer than ever. He was loudly applauded in his first song, and the duet in the last scene was a grand display between him and Grisi. Of Grisi's *Norma* it would be superfluous to speak. The effect she produced throughout her performance has not been surpassed in our recollection.

After *Norma*, the second and third acts of *Masaniello* were given. It is much to be lamented that the opera could not be given entire. One last performance for the season of this masterpiece of the French school would certainly prove attractive.

On Thursday, the *Prophète* was performed, and attracted one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. This is the eighth or ninth time Meyerbeer's great work has been given this year; and, judging from the concourse assembled, and the effect produced on Thursday night,

we may fairly conclude the *Prophète* has proved one of the most successful productions at Covent Garden since the reign of Italian opera,—if not, indeed, the most successful. *Fidelio* is in active rehearsal, and will be brought out on Thursday week. Costa, with his band and chorus, will find ample employment in the interpretation of this glorious *chef-d'œuvre*; while the principal *artistes* will have parts assigned to them which bring into play all the resources of their art, lyric and histrionic.

JENNY LIND.

THE Swedish Nightingale has inspired the pens and pencils of poets and painters *ad infinitum*. Sonnets and sketches in her honor have been as numerous as gnat showers. We doubt, however, if the Lind herself has ever been the object of a more original apostrophe than the following acrostic, which has been transmitted us for insertion, and which we insert *verbatim et literatim*:

ACROSTIC.

TO THAT GEM OF GENIUS—(Si vis.)

Music gushes from the Sweet Soul of light
And round thee Sheds a halo pure and bright
Delightful joys enchant us as you Sing
Ever refreshing as a desert Spring
Melody lives enthron'd within thy Soul
Of every charm giving it rare controul
Inspired by Genuses revealing high
Song seems to have lighted on thee from the Sky
Love, fondness, goodness, pureness, tenderness,
Ever round thee like tending Angels blesse
Jenny Lind, purest name and highest now
Enshrin'd in history's page of dazzling light
Ne'er was proud chaplet waved o'er fairer brow
Ne'er o'er thy path be shade of Sorrows Night
You're young, good, guifted, beauteous, blest, and bright,
Love light thy path, may Earth's flowers strew thy way
In life, may yours be joy and peace and rest
Ne'er may one care-cloud o'er thy bright path stray
Death—may it join your Song to Seraphs blest
Death—lead your soul to Sing midst Seraphs blest.
ROBERT.
"Utrum horum Mavia accipe."

The "Utrum horum" is good; but as we would fain not lose one line of the Acrostic, we eagerly accept both. We have adhered to the integrity of Robert's copy, even to the orthography, punctuation, and typical distinctions—capitals, italics, &c. We wish, however, Robert would add one more E and one more L to "Mademoiselle," and subtract an L from "hallo." He might then add two lines to Strophe 1st, and we should be two lines the richer.

LEDA AND THE SWAN.

The following appeared last week in the *Liverpool Mail*:

"A very beautiful and valuable picture is at present on view at No. 28, Bold Street. It has been obtained by Mr. Gregg expressly for the inspection of the connoisseurs of Liverpool and the vicinity; and is none other than the celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of Leonardo da Vinci, entitled *Leda and the Swan*. It has been strongly recommended as worthy of a place in the National Gallery; and it is estimated to be worth six thousand guineas. The following account of the picture is given in the prospectus:—'In 1792, during the French revolution, the picture disappeared from the Palace of Fontainebleau, and passed into the hands of the celebrated Barbero, President of the Revolutionary Assembly, in whose possession it remained until 1814, when, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he disposed of it to Signor di Levi, with whom it remained concealed till 1830. It was then brought to England, and purchased by its present proprietor. The story told in the

Heathen Mythology is depicted with all that modesty and grace for which this master was so remarkable. The principal figure is one of the finest conceptions that the skill of an artist ever gave to the world. The drawing is faultless; the expression of the face almost divine; and the colouring is so true to nature, that we are almost led to believe that we are gazing upon nature itself. The limbs are so finely rounded, and the outline so admirably managed, that even to the ordinary observer the figure appears to stand out from the canvas. The elegance of form and attitude, the sweetnes of expression, aerial minstries of outline, depth combined with solidity and transparency of colour, all produce an effect which bid defiance to criticism. The swan, in which form Jupiter is said to have wooed the lovely Leda, although a secondary object in the picture, is beautifully pourtrayed; perfect in representation as a bird, yet inspired by a sentiment of mingled passion, expressive of the feelings of the god or man inhabiting its feathered frame. The arching of the neck indicates a power of passion, delicate in affection and overmastered by love. There is nothing impure in this picture; nothing that can shock the most modest eye; in every respect—composition, drawing, colouring, feeling, genius—it is perfect."

From the above will at once be recognised a picture which was exhibited in Newman Street, and afterwards in Regent Street, about fifteen years ago. This picture, though undoubtedly a fine work, is not a Da Vinci, as was unanimously decided by a commission of artists, deputed by Government to examine it.

DON JUAN IN THE THEATRE.

THE legend of the libertine of Seville, borne away by demons, was known in Spain for two centuries and a half before any one thought of giving it a theatrical shape. However, this legend is so exceedingly meagre that the first dramatist had to give it not only form, but substance, and therefore may be considered the creator rather than the adapter of the story which is now current. Don Juan, according to the commonest report, was a member of a high Spanish family named Tenorio, and an intimate friend of King Pedro the Cruel of Castile. A piece of an old statue is said to be still visible in Seville, and to be connected with Don Juan, under the name of *The Stone Guest*. Others talk of Don Juan de Marana, whom Dumas has made the hero of a play, as the real libertine. Others again, point to Alphonso VI., King of Portugal. However, our business here is not to investigate the old legend, but to trace the progress of the story in a dramatised form from its first production in Spain in the seventeenth century, to its arrangement in the operatic *libretto* for Mozart's music.

Gabriel Tellez, a preaching monk, who lived from about 1570 to 1650, and who is well known in the history of the Spanish stage by the *sobriquet* of Tirso de Molina, was the first to give Don Juan a dramatic shape; and his play, which has all the complication of Spanish intrigue, may be considered the material from which all subsequent versions have been taken. We say the material, not the germ, for the work of subsequent dramatists has been rather one of reduction than of development; and as far as incidents are concerned, the story is more elaborated by Tirso de Molina than by any one of his successors. This piece is so important for our history that we give a tolerably minute account of the plot and treatment.

El Burlador de Sevillay Convidado de Piedra (The Ribald of Seville and Stone Guest), as Molina's play is called, falls, as is generally the case with Spanish dramas, into three acts, each of which comprises the incidents of a day, consistently with the name *Jornada*.

The first act opens in Seville. The Duchess Isabella,

daughter to the king, has appointed an interview with Duke Octavio, in the place of whom Don Juan introduces himself. When she discovers the imposture, she calls the watch, and escapes on the approach of her father. Don Pedro, the governor, at the king's command, imprisons Don Juan, but recognising him as his nephew, allows him to escape over the wall, and tells the king that Octavio has been with Isabella. The duchess is imprisoned, and search is made for Don Octavio, that he may be compelled to marry her. Don Pedro, at the head of the guard, finds him; but counsels flight. The scene changes to the sea-shore, on which Don Juan and his servant Catalino are cast. Catalino consigns his master to the care of Tisbea, a fishing-girl, and then brings two fishermen, who offer the Don a place in their cottage. The scene changes to Castile, where the king has an interview with Don Gonzalo, to whose daughter, Donna Anna, he wishes to marry Don Juan. When these have left the stage, Don Juan enters with his servant, who reproaches him with evil designs against Tisbea. The Don, who has Tisbea with him, promises to marry her, and leads her into a wood. She is sought by her lover, Afriso, and other fishermen, and at last makes her appearance in despair, and exhorts her friends to pursue Don Juan.

In the second act the scene is still in Castile. Don Diego, Juan's father, tells the King of his son's adventure with Isabella, and, in consequence of this information, the project is abandoned of marrying Anna to Juan, who is banished from Castile; while Anna's hand is offered by the King to Octavio. A billet flung by a female servant of Donna Anna's out of window, for her lover, falls into the hands of Don Juan, who counsels his friend, the Marquis de la Mota, to post himself at the door at the hour mentioned in the note. The marquis follows his advice, but soon comes back, saying he is watched by spies; upon which Juan borrows his cloak, and goes to the spot under the pretence of reconnoitring. Entering the house, and passing himself for the marquis, Juan encounters the father of Donna Anna, and kills him in single combat. As he escapes, he meets the marquis with a party of serenaders, and returns the cloak. The unfortunate marquis is taken for the real murderer, and is at once condemned to death by the King. The act closes with a rustic merry-making, to celebrate the marriage of Patrico and Aminta. Don Juan wins the heart of the bride, and carries her off.

In the third act, Don Juan consoles the young bride, and promises to marry her if Patrico casts her aside. Then our two old friends, Donna Isabella and Tisbea, make their appearance, and indulge in complaints at the libertine's conduct. The scene changes to the tomb of Don Gonzalo, whose statue Don Juan insolently invites to supper. Then comes the supper scene in Don Juan's house. The Statue, who has accepted the invitation, enters and takes his seat at table by the side of Don Juan, who jestingly asks him whether the other world is a fine country, and whether people like poetry there. In the modern treatment of the story, the libertine's doom is settled at the supper in his house; but such is not the case in the old Spanish play. The Statue invites Don Juan to sup with him in return; and the latter, though afraid, accepts the invitation, that he may not be accused of cowardice. In a scene at court, the King orders Isabella to be brought from the convent in which she is confined, with the intention of making Don Juan marry her; and her father gives Don Octavio the permission of challenging the seducer to a duel. When Don Juan and his servant Catalino enter the church-yard, the Statue comes in, accompanied by two Fiends, and Don Juan sinks into the earth. The destruction of the

libertine reconciles the differences between the other characters; and in the concluding scene, which is laid at court, the Marquis marries Donna Anna, whose reputation is cleared; while Octavio consents to espouse Isabella, whom he can now regard as Don Juan's widow.

This play, which was first printed in 1634, afterwards became a rarity. Now, however, it is reprinted in the *Teatro Espanol*, edited by Don Eugenio de Ochoa, and recently published by M. Baudry, of Paris.

The first version from the Spanish language was into the Italian. A troop of Italian actors were so pleased with Molina's play, that they had an adaptation made into their own tongue, in which the incidents in the original were closely followed, although the play was divided into five acts. Don Juan's servant was here made the Italian Arlechino, who was more elaborated than his predecessor Catalino.

The Italian piece, which was represented in one of the suburbs in Paris, found favour in the eyes of the Parisians; and a French version, in three acts, written by one Villiers, was produced in 1569, at the Hotel de Burgoine, under the title of *Le Festin de Pierre; ou, le Fils Criminel*. This version is so far remarkable that the interchange of dress by the libertine and his servant which occurs in the opera is found in it for the first time.

Of far more literary importance is the five-act play written by Molière, and produced at the Palais Royal, in 1665, as *Don Juan; ou, le Festin de Pierre*. However, this piece, while it is immortalised by some masterly dialogue, is far less carefully constructed than its predecessors. The intrigue is far less complicated, and only one high-born heroine appears, who is called Donna Elvira, and closely resembles the Elvira of the opera. The servant is here Sganarelle, the traditional comic character of the old French stage.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ERNST.—This great violinist, whose performances have been among the brilliant features of the season just expired, left for Paris by the mail train, *via* Calais, on Wednesday. Ernst will return to England in November.

STEPHEN HELLER.—This admirable pianist and composer left London on Wednesday in company with Ernst. Stephen Heller's first visit to England has stamped his reputation among us as one of the most original and intellectual of living musicians. That he may soon pay us another visit is the unanimous wish.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—In announcing the benefit of this great artist, the *Sunday Times* of last week says:—“The universal popularity of Carlotta Grisi, and her justly acquired fame as the first dancer in Europe, would be sufficient of itself to attract a brilliant audience on Thursday night, which is fixed for her benefit, and positively her last appearance this season. To prove her mastery of all styles of the choreographic art, she will present specimens from *Giselle*, *Esmeralda*, and other ballets which she has rendered famous. Thursday will, therefore, be a great night for the art in which the *beneficiaire* is ‘high throned all height above’ the announcement of the ballet performances being of such variegated description.”

LEOPOLD DE MEYER is at Vienna.

JENNY LINN is daily expected in London, on her road to Liverpool. The concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which the “Nightingale” is engaged to sing, takes place on Friday the 16th, and Monday the 19th. Every place is already secured.

MAD. SONTAC will be the vocal star at the forthcoming Gloucester festival. The great vocalist is balancing between offers of engagement for the winter between Paris and St. Petersburg.

ALBERT SMITH is giving his *Overland Mail* all over the land, with a success which may be safely termed preposterous. *Zant mieux.*

HAYMARKET THEATRE. — The Adelphi company, on Monday night, commenced their performance at the Haymarket, which will continue while their own house undergoes some repairs. The theatre was well attended.

THERE is much talk as to the opening of Drury Lane Theatre for the legitimate drama after Christmas. A gentleman of large fortune is said to have taken it for that purpose.

MESSES SMITH have engaged Sontag, Parodi, Miss Emily Newcombe, Calzolari, &c., for a concert at Exeter, on the 30th.

MR. CAPLE, a tragedian of great provincial celebrity, has become lessee of the York, Leeds, and Hull Theatres.

MADAME MONTENEGRO, on the last night of her performance at the Montpellier Theatre, was presented with a magnificent gold tiara. The theatre was crowded in every part on the occasion.

MR. NEWCOMBE, of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, opens the Exeter Theatre on Monday evening, with the *Jewess*.

MR. WALLER is engaged at Sadler's Wells Theatre as juvenile tragedian.

MADAME BISHOP has been giving concerts at New York with great success.

THE STRASBOURG THEATRE opens with unusual brilliancy in October, three millions of francs having been left by an eccentric for its support. There is to be an entire operatic, dramatic, and ballet company.

MR. BENEDICT. — This accomplished musician has returned to London. He will only remain a few days, being engaged to conduct the Jenny Lind concerts at Liverpool.

NEW INVENTION. — We hear that the new patent for silvering glass is about to be applied to the keys of pianos, which will be additionally embossed and coloured according to circumstances. From the resources of this discovery, and the ingenuity displayed in their application, we may expect to see many portions of musical instruments receiving additional decoration by its means. The patent has hitherto been carried out with much spirit, as the large collection at Mr. Hale Thompson's, of 48, Berners Street, will testify, to which assemblage we cordially recommend our readers as one which will amply repay a visit.

VAUXHALL GARDENS. — **MR. WARDELL**, the director of this establishment, took his benefit last night, and provided an ample and varied entertainment. The great novelty was the engagement of **Jullien**, who presided over four bands united in one, viz., his own, the Coldstream band, the band of the Second Life Guards, and Grattan Cooke's band. In addition to the regular bands in the vocal and solo-instrumental time, the enterprising director obtained the services of **Madame Il Nero Malibrano**, and the **Dons Ciebra**, the famous guitarists. **Mr. Green** made a night ascent in his balloon. The gardens were well attended, although the weather might have been more propitious.

VAUXHALL. — The "Bal Masqué" was attended by the usual votaries of amusements of this sort, and by a large number of persons as spectators of the sports. The great influx of "characters" was at 12 o'clock, when the groups of Highlanders, couriers, brigands, rustics, and syphs, mustered in good force. The dancing was incessant for some hours, the heat of the weather and the density of the atmosphere seeming to invigorate rather than relax the sinews and muscles of the performers. The efforts of the monster band excited the dancers to almost uncontrollable agility, and their movements were certainly more vigorous than elegant. **Mr. Benjamin Barnett**, the indefatigable, talented, and gentlemanly manager of the gardens, and a dozen or two assistants, kept order and made proper arrangements to prevent confusion. The supper tables and the saloon were crowded with parties, some in the guise of masks and dominoes, and some in the happy state of exhilaration which no disguise can conceal. Everything, however, was well conducted, and though a good deal of repartee was exchanged, there was sufficient decorum preserved to restrain, without extinguishing, the exuberance of mirth inseparable from these occasions.

MAIDSTONE. — Our enterprising and successful manager, **Mr. Holmes**, keeps the theatre every night during the assizes, and from his acknowledged ability in catering for the public, a succession of first-rate performances is ensured. The high sheriff, (M. Bell, Esq.), patronised the entertainment this evening, and the house was full to overflowing. — *Maidstone Gazette*.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. SEGUIN have returned to Town from Paris. **PAUL JULLIEN**. — A youthful violinist of this name has — it appears from an article of M. Oscar Comettant, in the *feuilleton* of the *Société* — highly distinguished himself at the *concours* of the *Conservatoire de Musique*. Young Paul learned the violin at Lyons, from his father, who plays upon the flute. He has been six months at the *Conservatoire*, and executes the fantasias of Ernst and De Beriot quite as well as the concertos of Viotti. His present master is the well-known Allard, "and," says M. Oscar Comettant, "the great pianists, Wieniawski and Planté, are quite in the right, when they call him a *great artiste*." The italics are the italics of M. Comettant. We further learn, from a private communication, that Paul Jullien is in his tenth year; and that Allard, having heard him accidentally, was so struck with his talent that he volunteered to adopt him as a pupil, and helped him to obtain admission into the *Conservatoire*, where he has already made remarkable progress.

MDLLE. ANGEL, the admirable and spirited *contralto*, is still in London. It is to be hoped she may be engaged at the Gloucester Festival. If not, so much the worse for the Festival.

MDME. SONTAG. — After the opera season, this accomplished *cantatrice* will proceed on a short *tournée* in the provinces, with Calzolari and other members of Mr. Lumley's *troupe*.

MARIO will go alone to St. Petersburg this season, Madame Grisi being prevented from undertaking the journey by an interesting circumstance.

PEABODY has been some time at St. Petersburg, preparing for the arrival of **Carlotta Grisi**. Pugni, the clever ballet-composer of Her Majesty's Theatre, who is also engaged, has already started to join his spiritual *confére*, and **Carlotta** herself will follow in about a month. Her triumph in the capital of the Autocrat will no doubt be *éclatant*.

SIGNORE MONTELLI, director of the Italian company, which has been recently performing with great success in the provinces, has arrived in London, for the purpose of forming a new company and engaging fresh artists to complete his *troupe*. Among others **Sigñor Montelli** has engaged a new *prima donna* of distinguished talent. We shall be able to give full particulars in our next. — *(From a Correspondent)*.

MISS EMILY NEWCOMBE. — This successful *débutante* has engaged Sontag, Parodi, and other *artistes* of Her Majesty's Theatre, for a concert at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, on the 29th inst.

MR. JAMES BROWN, formerly the light comedian of our Liverpool Theatre Royal, who, during his sojourn in America, was an immense favourite, has been offered a life annuity of six guineas a week, if he will return and play as long as his health permits. — *Liverpool Mail*.

MAS. GLOVER. — The remains of this renowned actress were interred on Friday, the 19th ult., at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen's Square. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Leigh Murray, H. Farren, W. Farren, junior, and Dr. Poynter; and around the grave stood several well-known actors and literary men, who came to mark their respect for the great departed.

MR. MAURICE SCHLESINGER. — Having retired from business, M. Schlesinger, late head of the great firm of Schlesinger, now Brandus and Co., began to travel through Italy and Germany. Last year he made a stay at Berlin; one evening, while walking in one of the public gardens, he found himself mixed up with a group of individuals who were canvassing the political events of the day. The musical traveller, forgetting that there was a police in Berlin, as well as everywhere else, ventured to observe that the King had broken faith with regard to the promised constitution; scarcely had he got back to his hotel when the police arrested him, and he found himself safely lodged in durance vile. After a fortnight's imprisonment, he was brought before a magistrate, who communicated to him an accusation of high treason, based upon the denunciation of a lady of the court, who, having heard his offensive expression respecting the king, deemed it her duty to denounce him to the authorities, and was ready to give evidence against him. M. Schlesinger made the best defence he could, and finally obtained his liberty on condition of depositing 25,000*fl.* as security for his future appearance. He then quitted Prussia, and returned to Paris. The preliminary proceedings being now completed, he has received a summons to make his appearance, and has just started for Berlin to take his trial. — *Constitutionnel*.

MANCHESTER.—Throughout the week Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket, London, has been performing a round of characters at the Theatre Royal, many of them written or adapted from the French, by himself and for himself. Perhaps the great part for which his present appearance will be remembered is that of Lavater, in the comedy of that name. His rendering of the *blasé* lord in *Used Up* was a fine piece of acting, and his assumption of the character of a country lad, in the same piece, remarkable for a fine perception of the *gaucheries* which one in his position would commit. The houses have been good, though not equal to what they should have been with so clever an actor to supply the inducement for attendance. Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam will appear on Monday night for a short engagement, and some of their most laughter-moving pieces are already announced, in addition to a new novelty.—*Manchester Courier*.

GLoucester.—The Gloucester Musical Festival is fixed for the 17th September and three following days. Among the *artistes* who are engaged, the names of the celebrated Madame Sontag, the graceful Castellan, and the magnificent bass singer, Herr Formes, appears; and we feel confident that the forthcoming festival will reflect great honour on those who have undertaken the management, and be a source of gratification to all those lovers of music who are so fortunate as to attend. Mr. Amott will be the conductor. Such an array of talent as that secured for the forthcoming festival has not been brought together at these triennial meetings for many years; and we cordially trust that the spirit and liberality which the stewards have exhibited in their engagements with the leading singers, as well as that of a highly select and numerous band and chorus, will be met by a corresponding feeling on the part of the public.—*Felix Farley*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th,

When will be presented MOZART's Celebrated Opera of

DON GIOVANNI.

The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Don Giovanni	Signor COLETTI.
Don Ottavio	Signor CALZOLARI.
Masetto	Signor F. LABLACHE.
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ON TUESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 13,

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The principal Characters by

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Herr FORMES	and	Signor MARIO.

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Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight o'Clock.

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